### THESE ARE TEARFUL DAYS.

PINK EYELIDS NOW AMONG THE BOARDING-SCHOOL GIRLS,

Deluges in the Boarding Schools, Especially en Sunday-These Are the Symptoms of the Arrival in Town of the New Board-ers-Signs of Woe Among Parents, Too. The boarding-school girls are here once more.

With the first week of October, upper Fifth avenue and the side streets, which harbor prirate schools, blossomed with pink-cheeked girls. Long files of them trot demurely along, under convoy of teachers. Day pupils loiter in groups, or walk in state with maids following at a respectful distance. On every corner there are anthusiastic meetings and excited babble eltongues. From stage and car and carriage greetings are waved to schoolmates on the

The roung men who walk downtown in the normings begin to take notes and follow careully planned routes; and even the older men and the morning walk more entertaining than h was in September, and remark to friends that this bracing air makes a man feel himself young again. Floorwalkers and salesmen smile at the flocks of girls that go flying through the stores. The actors last Baturday were not so absorbed in their parts that they falled to notice the school delegations in the theatres at the matinees. Yes; the boardingschool girls have come back, and New York masculinity should regard those same boarding schools as public benefactors, in that they add so materially to the number of pretty girls to be seen on New York streets.

Just now the average of beauty in school proessions is lowered by a suspicious prevalence afrink and swollen eyelids, but that disadvanuge is purely temporary and confined to firstyear girls. When a girl has never been away from home before, and doesn't know the carding school possibilities in the way of hasn't had time to get well acquainted with her roommates, of course she cries. Why shouldn't she? The tears are an inevitable feature of the first school weeks, and visitors would do well to wear gobebee and mackintoshes. Teachers, even the most sympathetic and tender hearted of them larn to meet the deluge with philosophical serenity and wait patiently for clear weather. unday is the great day for homesickness. Then the chaperons can't take the girls to anything more exciting than church, and there are so lessons to keep them busy, and some one plays hymns in the parlor. Then the new girls

plays hymns in the parior. Then the new girls rise their voices and wail, and teachers exercise their powers of entertainment in vain. But by the time the second Sunday comes around the rainbow of promise has turned up addite waters have subsided.

The tears are not monopolized by the girls. Many of the parents who offer up daughters in the name of New York educational advantages gaway with misty eyes and shiny noses, and lawe behind them far more pocket money than was included in the original plan. One day last week an uptown pedestrian saw the door of a dignified brownstone house open for a round resy, gray-haired man, whose face was working oddly. He cleared his throat jody, straightened his shoulders, and was laif way down the steps when the door opened one more, and out shot a human catapult is the shape of a pretty, tearful, dishevelled gif. Regardless of propriety, she grabbed the old gentleman around the neck, cried all over his shirt front, hugged him and kissed him a desen times, and, sobbling, rushed back into the house. The man stood hesitating for a moment, looking back at the door and biting his lip viciously. Finally he turned away. Two hig tears were trickling down his cheeks. When a plain little woman in a black gown passed him on the steps and said impulsively. Shell be all right, We'll take good care of the for you, 'he wrung her hands gratefully sid tried to say something, but it stuck in his shost; so he shook hands again and went way, blowing his nose energetically and walking with exaggerated jauntiness. throat; so he shook hands again and went tray, blowing his nose energetically and walking with exaggerated jauntiness.

The farewells seem to go harder with the labersthan with the mothers—not that they are prouder of the girls, but toars demoralize them more completely, and the mothers, remembering their own boarding school days, how that the period of weeping will be short.

Osedearold man from a little town in the far wet brought his daughter to a Fifth avenue who! this fall. The principal met them, taked with them for a while, called in the girls roommates and introduced them, and den hurried away to manifold duties. The eld gentleman sat in the parior looking at his daughter, who was chatting with the other girls. There was no more business to be done and he was free to go, but he didn't move. The roommates thought that he had something important to say to his daughter, so they went upstairs, telling the newcomer to follow when she pleased. After they were gone the father and daughter made a few remarks about them, and then settled into silence. The girl looked out of the window; the old gentleman looked at the girl.

"Was there anything more you wanted to

at the girl.
"Was there anything more you wanted to say, ra?" she finally saked.
The old gentleman moved uneasily on his The old genteman moved uneasily on his chair.

"Well, I don't know as there was." he said. Then, after a few moments, he added in an embarrassed way. "Ethought Pd wait and see liyout trunks come all right."

Ton don't need to see about that."

'Oh, I'd just as lief." Tou don't need to see about that."

Oh. I'd just as lief."

The couple sat in the dim back parlor guiefly, and at last a teacher who was working in the adjoining classroom went back and asked if they were waiting for some one, and if she could do anything for them.

I thought I'd wait and make sure Annie's trusts come," said the father apologetically.

But they may not come up before evening, southe porter will attend to them. You needn't be all anxious about them."

I guess I'd better wait." insisted the old grubeman; and the teacher, catching the look as sent toward his daughter, understood that he didn't have courage to go, and went back to be desk. After a while the daughter grew retless.

I think I'd better go up and see my room and be getting acquainted with the girls," she said.

All right Annie." But he followed her with

All right Annie." But he followed her with watch hungry eyes. Then he sat alone and boked at the pattern on the rug at his feet. At least he was still in the same house with her. As hour went by, and the teacher at her teacher at her.

sent occasional gisnoes into the parior. For the parior or other she had a lump in her threat and her work didn't go well. At last she waked back and spoke to the old gentle-man again. Ban sgain.
Wouldn't you rather come in and sit by the treat window, where you could watch the

Wouldn't you rather come in and sit by the tout window, where you could watch the trout window, where you could watch the trout? she asked He rose in an indifferent, listless way.

Maybe I would, he said, and he followed sho the other end of the classroom and sat fewn in the chair she placed for him. He standout on Fifth avenue for a few minutes, and, seeming to feel that something was expected of him turned to the teacher.

He's a nice road, he said dully, and she bedded, she the only one, he added irrevantly. Her mas doad?

The teacher thought he was going on, but he stopped into silence again. When dusk began setting down outside of the window he got up.

I don't reconstruction.

It lan't necessary, but we are glad to have

It len't necessary, but we are glad to have you stay, if you care to do it."
Is also and twirled his hat uncertainly.
I'd like to see Annie again. I guess she's forci I was waiting.
The teacher sent a maid upstairs. A moment set Annie came down. She was laughing, and her arm was around her new roommate's relat.

Joing, pa?"

"guess maybe I'd better."

"well take good care of yourself, and don't worr shout me. I'll have a good time."

She kissed him, and he looked at her as beach there were a good many things he still be to say, but he didn't make the attempt.

"Authorized to say, but he didn't make the attempt.

"Oh, yee."

"It good by."

Oh, yee.

Well, good-by.

The door closed behind him, and Annie went ustars; but the teacher stood at the window tas watched a lonely figure going down the wane, and wondered whether New York wane, and wondered whether New York wendered whether New 107s, be worth the price.
Softs and conditions are slitting the perforathis mouth. There is the west tusiness man who obstand terms thoroughly and obstand terms thoroughly and seratand terms thoroughly and any hash to a moment to whate this resembnan who owns 15,000 and loses the area what things cost daughter gets the latest thing there is the tail, thin man from an with the pointed beard, the at, the broad-brimmed feit hat, the broad-brimmed who is much the same wherever at the They all meet in the and they all bring daughters to mp of New York graces and see

tie mothers come, but not so often; addines the mothers come, but not so often; when they do they do not seem so decrify dwint leaf color as the men. As for the there all types meet; and the effort to them all into one approved mould isn't into the manner of the last feasible the little maid from achieving the electricies the little maid from achieving in the last grant per an end of the bursan drawers, and the Montana girl be brought to see any reason for chapeand when the see any reason for chapeand the see and the mount of the bursan drawers, and the Montana girl be brought to see any reason for chapeand the see any reason for chapeand the see and reason for chapeand the see any reason for chapeand the particular that the see any reason for chapeand the particular that the see and find is cream soda a comford and they all grow steadily plumper, the of the pittid weekly letters they send, begging for more pocket money to ward as jungs of starvation.

MRS. CONDON, MITTEN CAPITALIST, The Big Industry a New England Woman

Uplat South Penobsect, Me., lives the mitter espitalist of the United States, Mrs. A. C. Condon is the name of this wealthy woman and she distributes every year from 12,000 to 15,000 dozen pairs of mittens. She is a living llustration that it pays to knit mittens, a modern, up-to-date proof of the fact that our grandnothers knew what they were doing. Mrs Condon's story shows what a brave, plucky New England woman can do when she sets her mind to it. Mrs. Condon has written this statement of her mitten industry from its beginning up to the present time

"I began business in 1864 with a capital of \$40 in a little room about 15 by 12 feet in size. I first made over worn-out felt bats thrown away by the men, cleaned, shaped and turned them and then made them over into hats for women and girls. Then, as I lived in the country where there was no industry, but very many willing hands. I resolved to procure, it possible some work for those idle hands to do

"I went to Boston and saw some yarn manuacturers and from them got twenty-five counds of yarn on credit, this yarn to be made

facturers and from them got twenty-are pounds of yarn on credit, this yarn to be made into mittens. The manufacturers furnished the yarn, and I put it out at the homes of the people near where I lived. I had difficulty in starting the work and was obliged to return part of the yarn to the maguifacturers at the end of the yars because I found it impossible to have it all knit up into mittens.

This was not very encouraging for a year's work, but I persevered and at the beginning of the second year one family insisted on having some yarn to knit into mittens. So I tried it over again and after it once got well started I could not supply the demand for yarn. Tons of yarn were sent to me and my business grew unfil I pald the steambeat company the largest freight bills of any one who did business on the Boston and Bangor route. From 10.000 to 15.000 dozen mittens were manufactured yearly, and besides making mittens we made ladies' and misses' hoods and caps, toques, &c.

"I had 1,500 names on my books of people who were at work for me, and many more than that were really working, as ou my books there would be only one name from each house, although perhaps two, three or four members of the household were knitting, oftentimes as many as there were members in the family. In the long winter evenings men and boys wound the yarn and in some cases even the men knit.

"After 1873 the knitting of mittens by hand

wound the yarn and in some cases even the men knit.

"After 1873 the knitting of mittens by hand gradually decreased and machines came in to take the place of the knitters. In 1882 I began to buy machines and kept adding to my stock, until now I have eighty-two machines. We make from 12,000 to 15,000 dozens in one vear on the machines. One of my girls has made 104 pairs of mittens in one day, small single mittens, and eighty-five pairs of boys double-sined mittens. Nearly all the machines are run at the homes of the knitters, for in that way they make more money.

"Girls on an average make about four dozen of cheap mittens or two dozen of lined-mittens in a day. We make a great many fine fancy-backed mittens of all sizes and of these the girls make from one to two dozen aday. The price of knitting used to be 25 cents a pair. Then it dropped to 6 and it is about that now."

#### BURIED SIX HUSBANDS.

Matrimonial Record of a Missouri Woman Who Has Just Married Her Seventh.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. despatch from Humansville, Mo., announces the marriage there yesterday of Mrs. Lottle Dougherty to Mr. B. D. Smith. This makes the seventh time Mrs. Smith has

Lottie Dougherty to Mr. B. D. Smith. This makes the seventh time Mrs. Smith has wedded. She has been divorced from none of her former husbands, but has outlived them. Mrs. T. J. Akins, wife of the Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, is well acquainted with the bridy and last night gave a Globe-Democrat reporter something of the former matrimonial ventures of Mrs. Smith. For the lady Mrs. Akins has the highest regard and declares that she is the envy of all the ladies of Humansville for the way in which she captures the hearts of men.

Originally the new Mrs. Smith was Miss Lottle Bridges. In those days the lady did not live in Humansville. Miss Bridges was induced to change her name to Vice. Mr. Vice diedland a man named Depriest won the heart and hand of the young widow. Mr. Depriest died and his widow married a Mr. Milligan, whose wife she was when she removes to Humansville. After the death of Mr. Milligan, whose wife she was when she removes to Humansville. After the death of Mr. Milligan, the lady married a Mr. Dawson. He died and Mrs. Dawson was prevalled upon to change her name to Orozier. Mr. Crozier lasted about as long as his predecessors and soon after his death his widow married a Mr. Dougherty, About two years ago Mr. Dougherty ded and now his reliet has joined life and fortune with Mr. Smith. Once it was rumored, says Mrs. Akins, that Mrs. Smith was engaged to be married to a Mr. Neff. but the marriage never took place because the prospective groom was superstitious.

Although Mrs. Smith has been married

took place because the prospective groom was superstitious.

Although Mrs. Smith has been married seven times, she is still comparatively a young woman. Mrs. Akins says she cannot be more than 50 years of age at the most. Her new husband is many years her senior. Mrs. Smith has but four children—a daugnter by Mr. Vice, two sons by Mr. Depriest and one son by Mr. Milligan. Her first marriage occurred when she was a girl of but 15. Mrs. Smith has often told her neighbors. Mrs. Akins says, that when a child she had her fortune told and was informed that she was to be married seven times. All of Mrs. Smith's married seven times. husbands have been estimable gentlemen, Mrs. Akins says.

RAINY DAY SIGNS.

Calling Attention to Articles Intended for Use on Such Days Only.

There are certain signs, and some other things that serve the purpose of signs, which are seen in this city on rainy days, and, usually, on rainy days only. The most familiar of these is the sign marked "Rubbers," which may be seen in many places. It is usually painted on a piece of enameled cloth tacked on a little stretches and set out in front of the store beside the door, where it will eatch the eye of the passerby. When the storm is over the rubber sign is

door, where it will eatch the eye of the passerby. When the storm is over the rubber sign is
brought in and stowed under the counter, there
to remain until the next wet day, when it is
again put out to remind the passer-by that
here is a place where he may get a pair of
rubbers.

Another sign put out ou rainy days bears the
word "Umbrellas," though the dealer on such
a day is likely to put out actual umbrellas to
eatch the eye. Sometimes on rainy days there
may be seen in front of actore a stand filled
with cheap umbrellas with a card and a price
marked thereon.

Still another rainy day sign is "Umbrellas
and Mackintoshes." This may hang on a
mackintosh displayed in a showcase on the
sidewalk, the mackintosh being garnished, so
to speak, with umbrellas.

A less frequent rainy day sign is one to be
seen in front of harness stores that have as a
part of their display equipment the figure of a
horse. On fair days the figure has a harness
upon it, or perhaps a saddle and bridle. On a
rainy day the horse is often completely covered with a snug-fitting waterproof blanket,
calling attention to the fact that such things
and be bought here. The horse with the rubber blanket upon it is one of the regular rainy
day signs of the city.

UNUSUAL FUNERAL METHODS.

Colored Palibearers' in Dress Suits Acting at the Undertaker's Commands.

From the Newburg Register. The manner in which the funeral of the late Mrs. Van Nort of Middletown was conducted in this city was perhaps an innovation that may result in the adoption of the methods used by

some of the local undertakers.

Mr. Rockefellow of Middletown had the arrangements in charge. He chartered the car over the Erie road, furnished the porters, arranged with W. W. Terwilliger to look after the details at this end, and even secured the presence of Mrs. Van Nort's clergyman to accompany the remains to the grave. The drilled porters to act as pallbearers were probably the feature that attracted most attention from

porters to act as pallbearers were probably the feature that attracted most attention from the time of the train arriving until the casket was lowered in the grave. Everything was done with the precision of clockwork at the word of command. The movements were directed somewhat as a Captain would drill his military company, yet in such low tone of voice that the spectators scarcely realized that a word had been spoken. "Straps, lift." Handles, march." "Lift, shoulders, march." were among the commands and explain themselves. The men were colored walters at hotels, were costumed in full dress suits, and on arriving at the cemelery removed their silk tiles and adjusted silk skull caps, which they wore until the remains were laid at rest.

Mr. Reckelellow said, in response to a question, that at the outset there was a little adverse criticism to taking colored men for the place, but lately this has changed, and the demand for their services is becoming general. The colored walters are always in possession of good dress suits, they are generally at icisure at the hour set for funerals, are trained to obey orders, and as a general thing latelligent enough to work in harmony and with method. He says his experience with hired white porters has been the reverse of this, and in many cases the invited hearers accede very unwillingly to the unpleasant duty, and invariably flud it one they are not prepared to execute properly, repecially where a casket is to be carried down narrow stairways or turned in short hallways.

#### GIRL 'ARTISTS IN PARIS.

A WARNING PROM WOMEN WHO HAVE TRIED THE LIFE.

Only the Attractive Side of It Described Commonly-Dangers to Health and Morals Which It Presents to American Girls-

Many Discomforts Also to Be Endured. The annual exodus of girl students bound for Paris art schools has begun. The number of American girls in the art classes of Paris has for years been very large, but this year the entries are larger than ever, and the narrow streets of the quarter where they live will be swarming with the strange young women whom the French at first greeted with horror, but now accept as well meaning, if unintelli-

There is a delightful side to student life in what the girls insist upon calling the Latin Quarter, though most of the art colony lies uite outside of the quarter made famous by Murger. The happy-go-lucky quality of the life, the freedom from conventional demands and restraints, the fellowship of the students, the picturesque Paris settings, the undeniable art atmosphere-all these things appeal to the American girl with her independent spirit, her enthusiasm, and her hunger for new experiences. She enjoys the life. Whether it is good

for her is another story.

Reams of description have been lavished ipon the charms of the girl art students' life in Paris. The casual visitor sees the girls' club on a gala night, and meets interesting people there. She sees some of the most attractive rooms, drinks tea in a few studios, listens to enthusiastle talk in which famous names are as thick as blackberries in August, and goes away thinking there is no reverse side to the picture. If she is a newspaper correspondent, she is apt to write a rose-colored account that makes every girl who reads it yearn to devote herself to art-and Paris. If she doesn't write. she talks, which answers the same purpose.

But any sensible woman who will spend a few months among the girl students and study the life will find the rose color fading and will lose some of her enthusiasm over the miscalled bohemianism in whose name so many absurdities are committed. In an uptown studio, a few nights ago, two women artists discussed student life in Paris, and a Phillistine who has no art in her soul, but has lived in Paris, listened and was surprised to find the elect airing her own private opinions. Both of the women studied in Paris for years. Both have been docidedly successful; and yet they bewailed the increase in the number of American girls among the Paris students.

"I will go out of my way at any time to see a young girl who is planning to study in Paris." said the painter. "Unless the case is an un usual one. I always say 'don't,' and if I can talk her out of the idea I feel that I've done a good thing. There was a time when one had to go to Paris for good instruction. That isn't so now. If a girl exhausts the advantages here and shows unquestionable talent and ambition. she should, by all means, go over and study in the French schools; but it is absurd for every girl who experiments with art to go to Paris. It's all right to take risks and make sacrifices in the cause of genius; but ninety out of a hundred girls who are studying in Paris have no talent, will never devote themselves seriously to art, and have no more business in the Paris art quarter than a baby has in a green gooseberry patch. I sometimes wonder whether all the mothers of Paris art students are insane, or merely uninformed."

"The majority of them haven't any ideas about the life," said the architect, wagging her head solemnly. "Girls never write anything but the jolly side of things in their home letters. I didn't. Did you?"

The painter smiled. "Of course not. That's just it. The fascination of the thing makes up for the discomfort, but it can't prevent the natural results of the discomfort. If a girl is in earnest about her work she keeps out of real mischief; but the chances are, she demoralizes her health and cultivates a style of life and thought that will not suit the folks at home. If she is going on with her art, and will make it a successful life work, her eccentricities will be overlooked or pardoned; but where one girl will do that, ninety-nine will never do good work, and are studying just for the fun of the thing. They waste their time, injure their health, grow lax in their moral views and principles, get into slatterally habits, and come back, unfitted for home and society and not fitted for anything else. They are spoiled for conventional life, and are no comfort to their families." ural results of the discomfort. If a girl is in

conventions has and are no comfort to their families." Hear, hear! What's it all about anyway?" asked a man for whom the architect had just opened the door.
"I was just insisting that girl art students in Paris ruin their heaith and upset their morals." "What's the matter with their heaith? They seemed lively when I was over there?" said the man, settling himself back among the divan cushions. The young woman whose forte is early English architecture, looked at him with fine scorn.

"Don't they live in rooms that are either red hot when the little Irou stove is booming, or cold as refrigerators when the fire is out? Did you ever have a room respectably heated and ventilated while you were in Paris?" He shook his head.

cold as refrigerators when the fire is out? Did you ever have a room respectably heated and you ever have a room respectably heated and ventlated while you were in Paris?" He shook his head.

"Well, neither did I, and I had a cold on my lungs from November until May every year. Some of the girls live comfortably with their families or in first-class boarding houses or nice apartments, but those girls are mighty few. The majority of the girls I knew lived in cheerless rooms at the club or in nasty smelling studios, or in dirty little boarding-houses or in lodgings up four flights of stairs. They had some pots and kettles, and got up in a cold room, started a fire and scrambled together some sort of a breakfast. They got luncheon and dinner wherever things were cheapest, and at any hour that suited them, and when they were hard up, which was most of the time, their meals were very scrappy. They spent their days in crowded, stuffy, ill-smelling studios, frightfully overheated, for the sake of the nude model, and they went out from there into raw winter weather, and trotted around in slush and rain and sleet. A man can do that sort of thing: but a girl can't do it without paying for it. When I think what an fill it was, I wonder I'm not dead; and I'd give anything I have—except what I know about Elizabethan stairways—for some of the spleadid strength and vitality I wasted. Just look at the girls over there, in our time, who broke down physically. I can count dozens of them for you, and it wasn't work that did it, but lack of common sense."

"There was a nice, joily dof girls in the quarter," said the man, feebly.

"Of course there was—as nice a crowd as our country can turn out. Some of them came through all right. Most of them suffered in health, and though only a few went far wrong morally, I don't believe many of them were as nice when they came home as when they went. I wasn't.

"Oh, now!" protestal the man.

nice when they came home as when they went. I wasn't.

"Oh, now!" protested the man.

"Well I mean this. "My ideals—outside of art—wers not so high. My principals were not so strong. I had learned to smile lealently at all sorts of things that I would have hated before I left home. I called it being liberal, and thought I had been narrow before; but if I had seen narrow before; but if I had seen narrow before; but if I had seen narrow before; but if I had on the seen narrow before; but if I had a daughter I would prefer her being narrow."

The woman who paints fished a chafing dish out from under the divan and dusted it with a corner of the tablecloth. Then she brought some beer in from the windowskil, and skirmished for cheese, in the wardrobe. When she had a rabbit under way she joined the conversation.

versation.

You've lived in the Paris art quarter for years," ahe said, waving the chafing dish iadle at the man. "Now tell me honestly: Would you want your little sister to go over there alone, to study art?"

He blew smoke rings thoughtfully for a few moments.

moments.
"I'll be hanged if I would," he said, suddenly, "Some of the nicest girls I ever knew denly, "Some of the history for a young "I'll be hanged if I would." he said, suddenly. "Some of the nicest girls I over knew it met there; but it isn't the thing for a young girl. I know what you mean. One loses one's grip over there, and all one's standards are different. I called a fellow a Bohemian there, whom I'd call a disreputable cad here. A fellow gets straightened out whon he comes back here, though he never fits peaceably into the old grooves, but maybe it's different with a girl."

back hero, though he never its peaceably into the old grooves, but may be it's different with a gir!"

The woman nodded. "That's a part of what I mean. I don't say girls ought not to study in Paris, but they ought to prove their earnestness and talent here first." "Of course," said the Philistine. "Living is cheaper over there."

"That's true," assented the architect, dolefully, "I could get a studio there for one-twentieth what I pay for this."

"Would it have hot and cold water and steam heat and an elevator, and be on the Champs Elysees?" asked the man, satirically.

"You've hit the mark, 'said the woman who paints. "One can live cheaply there because one will. We couldn't live on as little here; but we could cut down expenses tremendously if we would go to an out-of-the-way part of the town and live in a disreputable little trap, as we all did in Paris. One can't do it here. It wouldn't be respectable—and there's the rub. We'll never have art atmosphere here until we stop trying to keep up appearances. One doesn't have to be respectable in Faris. That's why young girls shouldn't go there."

"And why we are all wild to go back there," added the man.

Every one laughed.

"But what we've said about girl students is true, all the same," insisted the srehitsot.

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS.

How They Are Manufactured and Some of Their Peculiarities.

Perhaps no part of the typewriting machine's equipment has given greater perplexity to its promoters than the ribbon. To obtain one that would not elog the type or smirch the paper, and from which the ink would not evaporate when exposed to the air, was a difficulty with which operators had to contend and which inventors tried hard to remedy. It is only within the last two years that ribbons have been made which appear to satisfy the general demand. While ribbons have been required since the time of the modern typewriter's introduction, it is in the last ten years that the business of making them has reached its greatest proportions. Four years ago it was said that this kind of ribbon making was engaged in by at least forty manufacturers in the United States, and their output was estimated to be not less than 600,000 ribbons annually. To-day the annual production is probably more than twice as large as it was then, and makers declare that they are kept very busy filling their orders. The thousands of American typewriters in use abroad are practically all supplied with American ribbons, and, as the average life of a ribbon is only about four weeks, their exportation constitutes an important branch of the business by itself. Ribbons are made in almost every conceiv-

able color and variety, and with copying and non-copying ink. Their length and width depend upon the requirements of the machine for which they are intended. The average length is eight yards, although a few are made as long as eighteen yards. Some ribbons write

length is eight yards, although a few are made as long as eighteen yards. Some ribbons writer in one color and show an entirely different color when the writing is copied with a letter press. A ribbon which writes black may copy blue or green, making the record much more clear on certain kinds of paper than it would be if made in black. The head of the ribbon department of a large typewriter house on Broadway recently gave some facts concerning the extent of the business in question and the skill and care required in its prosecution.

"Here in New York," said the manager, "there are probably five hundred places where typewriter ribbons are sold, while in all the cities of the Union there are many thousand. Some of the dealers handle eight or ten different styles and the amount off their monthly receipts is often very large. The different makes of ribbons in the market number from fifty to seventy-five, and most of them are manufactured here in the East. I estimate that the number of ribbons used in a year ranges from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000. There is good reason to suppose that there are between 300,000 and 350,000 ribbon-using typewriters here and abroad, but of course some of the machines are not employed actively. I should say that fully one-third of the ribbons we make are exported, and there are also other manufacturers who export large quantities.

"Only persons connected with the business can understand how much care and expertness are necessary in turning out ribbon which will give good satisfaction. It is an easy matter to succeed in making a good ribbon now and then, or perhaps several dozen good ones, but that won't do; every single ribbon must be strictly 'O.K.' or else complaints will surfer in consequence. The effect produced by one poor ribbon might mean the loss of several customers who would be misled as to that particular brand.

"One of the chief aims of the manufacturers is to produce a ribbon which will leave a persist of the manufacturers is to produce a ribbon which will leave a persist of

suffer in consequence. The effect produced by one poor ribbon might mean the loss of several customers who would be misled as to that particular brand.

One of the chief aims of the manufacturers is to produce a ribbon which will leave a permanent impression on the paper. Ink which has lampblack as a base is always permanent; it cannot be extracted by acids and will not fade by long exposure to the light. The ribbons in most common use are the black copying, purple and purple copying, and a record made by any one of them may be regarded as absolutely lasting. Many of the best ribbons have selvaged edges, which prevent their ravelling and curing when in use. They are nearly uniform in thickness, though some ribbons are made of very thin texture for use when a large number of copies is desired.

"The cloth of which the majority of ribbons are made is a very fine quality of 'isconet' or nainsook, most of which comes from England and Germany. The ink is applied by means of rollers and is forced between the fibres of the cloth by revolving brushes. Then the surplus ink is absorbed, different methods being employed to accomplish that purpose. Each maker has a secret process for producing his individual ribbon, and the secret is guarded with the greatest possible care. The foreman of a ribbon factory is the only man there who knows the exact formula for mixing the powder or pigment used in making the ink; all the other employees do as they are directed by the foreman or by printed instructions.

"It is the rule in making ribbons to apply the ink to both sides of the cloth. One manufacturer, however, inks only one side, saying that ribbons inked in that way do not clog the type so often as those which are inked on both sides. His assertion might be true if the clogging were caused solely by the ink, but it isn't. Little particles of the cloth are being detached constantly, which work into the type, and whether ink is present or not, the letters are bound to be filled occasionally.

"An effort has been made in Germany t

Ink is present or not, the letters are bound to be filled occasionally.

"An effort has been made in Germany to make ribbons which would take the place of those imported from America, but the German manufacturer falled to induce the trade to accept his product. It will be a long time before our foreign friends are able to bring out ribbons which will supplant those made here, and our manufacturers have little cause to fear competition from that source."

Six-Footer Killed in the Road by Two

Girls in Ocean County, N. J. Jersey snakes are out later than usual this year just because there has been no frost to drive them into cover. Snakes of all kinds indigenous to Jersey soil seem to have been getting mixed up with bicyclists in the last few weeks, judging from items in rural papers in the several counties. Miss May Cumming and Miss Minerva Chew of Ocean county were out riding a few days ago near Whiting and each ran over a snake of a different kind during her trip. Miss Chew, who is a native of the county, had to call Miss Cumming's attention to

ran over a snake of a different kind during her trip. Miss Chew, who is a native of the county, had to call Miss Cumming's attention to the fact that she had run over and killed a pretty gartersnake about thirty inches long. Miss Cumming gazed with horror at the reptile, which was still writhing in the road. Later in the day Miss Chew, while in the lead, gave a little shriek as she saw a big pinesnake dart out of the huckleberry bushes at the side of the road and try to cross the thoroughtare ahead of her. There was no chance to slacken speed, and it was evident that the snake could not scratch gravel fast enough to avoid being run over. So Miss Chew plunged at the pedals and increased her speed. The two wheels bumped over the big Jersey snake, while Miss Cumming dismounted and screamed with fright.

The snake got the worst of the encounter, as it was completely disabled. It could make no forward progress after the 150-pound girl and her 30-pound wheel had flattened it down upon the gravel road, but its head and tall were in lively motion and sceemed to bar further progress for Miss Cumming. Miss Chew was in no way daunted, and, leaving the road, she found a stick with which she killed the snake. It measured b feet 10 inches in length, and consequently would have been worth nearly 36 to any of the snake catchers at Whiting who make a business of selling pine-snakes to museums at \$1 s foot.

So much for Ocean county, where there has been a complaint about the scarcity of snakes this year. Passalc county had a similar story last week. The story was of a snake, a road, and a bicycle rider, but in this case the reptile was a venomous little copperhead about two feet long and two inches wide. It was basking in the sun at the side of the road between Hoomingdale and Cor's Pond when Tunis Mabe came down the slope on a wheel. It is a pretty rough dirt road, and he was picking out the snake of the copperhead is on or dinary occusions, this one moved like lightning. It drew two-thirds of its body out of the wheel went on

From the Ruchester Democrat and Chronicle. From the Rocketer Democral and Chronicle.

This warm spell was confidently predicted as a result of the return by rotation of the disturbed area (in the sun). We think that it has been abundantly shown during the last year that observation of the sun gives the only reliable data for long-distance weather forecasts. Rapid and unexpected changes in the sun's condition sometimes interfere, but when they are once noted they give opportunity for reforming the system of recurring weather on the period of twenty-six days.

The warm periods noted every month during the past winter occurred in connection with well-marked disturbances in the sun's northern hemisphere. These disturbances have partially subsided, while there is a renewal of disturbance in the sun's accurate the sun's northern hemisphere.

ern hemisphere. These disturbances have partially subsided, while there is a renewal of disturbance in the sun's southern hemisphere after a considerable period of quiescence. If the exhibition of energy continues the weather during the winter can be fairly mapped for at least twenty-six days in advance of each change.

AT COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

TOPICS OF INTEREST IN THE NEW YEAR AT MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Effort to Make Freshmen Feel at Home-Holyoke Is the Only College Having Great-Grandmother Graduates-Changes in the Faculty-Teachers' College Notes. MOUNT HOLYORE, Mass., Oct. 13.-With a

Rackity koax, koax, koax, Tare toe-lix, toe-lix, toe-lix Wah hoo wah, wah hoo wah. up Holyoke, Rab. Rah. Rab!

the class of 1830 of Holyoke has swept into its senior place, and to the best of its ability is living up to its chosen motto: "Doe ye nexts thynge." The steps of Williston Hall have be come its property by natural succession. It has graduated from waitress work at the table, and in all other respects is worthy of being regarded by the freshmen as an example and epitome of all the virtues and privileges. However, the life of a senior is not so butterfly-like as it seems. In addition to the intellectual pelf and power that is expected of her by reason of her long training, certain social duties are bequeathed to her with her name. One of these is the reception to the freshmen, given possibly that the new arrivals may come early to an appreciation of the text: What is college without the seniors? This fall the function was held in Pearson's Hall, two weeks after college opened, and President Mead, with Miss Eugenia Brockschmidt, received the freshmen and made them welcome to the college.

Mount Holyoke this year followed in the steps of her sister college at Northampton by appointing delegates from the Young Women's Christian Association to meet all trains on which freshmen were expected to arrive and to show them their boarding places and to give them any other advice or assistance in their power. The members of the entering class number 148, so that the task was no light one. But with conscientious care and cheerful tolerance of freshman greenness the delegates showed themselves true Samaritans. The freshmen belonging to the present generation should by right have a special time of thanksgiving set apart when they may reflect upon their mercies and think of the trials of their grandmothers. For it happens that Mount Holyoke, just now entering upon its sixty-secand year is the only college old enough to number grandmothers and great-grandmothers among its graduates.

At commencement last June some dear old ladies with white hair and kindly eyes were back for their fiftieth anniversary. Their reminiscences of early Holyoke days were full of surprise for the modern college girl. The old life, with its strenuous attention to duty and its small margin for pleasure, seemed to the graduating class a barren thing to rememher compared with the varied interests and amusements of their own four years, while the freshmen, if they could have heard the accounts, might have thought themselves by comparison admitted to the islands of the blessed when the college doors opened for them this fall.

Besides the seniors, the other classes in various ways, by receptions and excursions, will show themselves hospitable to the entering class. There might be danger of the freshmen being spoiled if it were not that in college as in duplicate whist, the beautiful law of baiance prevails. When freshman year is laid aside the students must play the same hand as their sophomore friends, and if they do not score as good receptions and entertainments and basketball games, woe be unto them!

The fate of all other woman's colleges this fall has overtaken Holyoke, and it is crowded to its uttermost limits. Dormitory room is enirely inadequate. Many students have found abiding places in the village, and many more have turned away because there was no room for them. As a result, plans for the immediate erection of a new dormitory between Rockefeller and Mary Brigham halls are being discussed.

A piano recital by Prof. Story opened very delightfully the work of the music department, and a second recital will soon be given by Prof. Perry, the blind planist. Among the changes in the faculty are the following: Miss Esther B. Van Dieman, Ph.D. of the University of Chicago, has been appointed head of the Latin department, and Miss Mary L. Judd an assistant. Miss Frances M. Hazen of the Latin department is absent for study at Oxford. After a year's study at Zurich and Berlin, Miss Alice P. Stevens has returned to her place in the German department, and Miss Marcia A. Keith of the physics department is back after a year in Berlin. Miss Leach, one of the chemistry staff, who studied last year at Göttingen, is planning to remain another year abroad for study at Zurieh. Miss Mary G. Williams, Ph. D., of the University of Michigan, who held the Elisha Jones fellowship at the School of Archaeology in Rome last year, will fill a place in the Greek department. Miss Mary G. Holmes, A. B., of Wellesley, a student also for two years at the University of Chicago, is appointed instructor in chemistry. Miss Grace Baker, Mount Holyoke, Pö, laboratory assistant in botany. Miss Dickinson and Miss Aidrich, Holyoke, OS, will assist in the departments of mathematics and Latin respectively, Wils Effle Reed, formerly a Holyoke sudent, will act as laboratory assistant in zoology.

After June, 1802, only the degree of A. B. will be granted. Up to that time it is optional to literary and scientific students, though four extra hours must be added by them to meet its requirements. All the courses lead to the degree of A. B. by the arrangement of the latest catalogue, and next year's freshman class will have no choice in the matter. The decision of chemistry staff, who studied last year at

requirements. All the courses tead to the degree of A. B. by the arrangement of the latest
catalogue, and next year's freshman class will
have no choice in the matter. The decision of
the faculty has met with great approval, especially smong the girls who are struggling with
the stricter regulations for the bachelor of arts.
Significant in the general progress of Mount
Holyoke is its movement toward self-government. The experiment of limited self-government is being carried on with great success in
Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr and Wellesley. The
girls respond to the extra responsibilities put
upon them, and the wheels of college discipline
run more and more smoothly as the making of
laws and their execution is put more completeby into the hands of the students. With the
formation of a students' league for partial selfgovernment, Mount Holyoke is putting herself in line with the other colleges. The league
of the more general regulations, and during
registic bours will have control of the college
registic bours will have control of the college will be responsible for the enforcement of some of the more general resulations, and during recitation hours will have control of the college dormitories. If this league proves itself wise and efficient, it is probable that more power will be granted to it, and the problem of concernation between faculty and students be settled in the most socialistic and satisfactory way by establishing a half-way house between them and giving each body equal rights.

Teachers' College Notes.

The Teachers' College has opened the year with crowded ranks. Its affiliation with Columbia, and the growing demand for its graduates to fill the most responsible and lucrative places in the educational category, make its diploma more and more attractive to prospective teachers, while the facilities offered by its extensive faculty and its perfectly equipped departments draw students from among men and women who have charitable or sociological work in view rather than actual pedagogic instruction.

Great interest is manifested in the extension courses, offered this year for the first time. These are intended primarily for those who cannot command the time for regular college work, and include a regular course in the his tory of education, by Dean Russell; one in school supervision, by Buan Russell; one in school supervision, by Superintendent Gilbert, and another in priceiples of education, by Prof. Butler. In biology Prof. Lloyd offers classes in nature study and practical work in bacteriology. Extension work in the art department comprises form and color drawing, studio work, clay modelling and wood carving, under the direction of Prof. Churchill and his assistants. Extension work in Foglish literature and composition, in charge of Frof. Baker, Mr. Krapp and Mr. Abbott, will be advanced in scope. Extension courses in domestic science and domestic art will be conducted as usual by Prof. Kinne and Prof. Woolman.

The Horace Mann School shows more than 180 students in the high school and 200 in the grades. Crowded classes are never allowed in this, the model school of the college, so that it has been found necessary to duplicate nearly will now be enabled to give his entire attention to the high school, as Miss Wohlfarth, who has just been appointed his assistant, will have charge of all the grades. Miss Runyan will continue to have charge of the kindergarten department.

Last Saturday Dean and Mrs. Russell gave a reception to the members of the college, from 4 or clock to 6, at their home. 207 West 105th street. On Thursday last Miss Kinne and Mrs. Woolman entertained the students in their courses, who have been toiling with cook stoves, obdurate needles, and the art and science thereof since the term opened. school supervision, by Superintendent Gilbert

SWINDLERS AT DOWN-RAST PAIRS. This Season Has Been Prosperous for Them,

From the Hartford Courant. If reports are to be credited, those leeches on the pocketbooks of the unwary-the fakirs and thimble-rigging gamesters have been more plentiful than ever at pretty nearly all the agricultural fairs this season, from the New England down to the smallest gatherings in the country towns. It comes to be more and more a wonder how so many of these fellows thrive on the softness of people who ought to know better. Down at Danbury the men with games were more plentiful than toads after a sum-

Those people are, of course, not supposed to se tolerated by fair managers, but they exist all the same, and usually claim that they pay for their privileges. In any event they are a nuisance, moving from corner to corner of the grounds whenever danger seems imminent. always sure to be followed by the "greenies," who can see a sure thing ahead and are confl dent they can beat the manipulator of the game in his own trick. At Danbury a man who had the appearance

of being a well-to-do farmer went up against a game to the extent of \$125, then started away remarking that he would "be back directly with more money." He returned with a policeman, but a capper had sent in a note of warning so that only a few dollars were left on
the table, the men having moved to other pastures green before the policeman arrived. One
of these manipulators showed something more
than \$1,700 to a Hartford man whom he knew,
being the result of his business in the three
days of the fair then expiring, and he had
started in with less than a dozen dollars.

Some of the boys who were down at the New
England fair tell a good story about one of their
hotel companions. He had been down the day
before and while he never went up against any
of the games he became interested in watching
a fellow who was managing a shell game. The
outfit consisted of a small board which he carried on his left arm, three small shells resembling halves of an English wahut and the
deceptive little midzet whose whereabouts
under the shells had depleted so many pocketbooks. The Hartford man had watched the
fellows manipulation until he was positive he
was "on to him," but he was anxious for the
boys up at the hotel to see him "do up" the
shell man, so he waited till the next afternoon,
then invited the party down, after informing
them what he was up to. They advised him to
let the thing alone, but he would not have it, so
all hands went along. They had no trouble in
picking their man out from among the small
regiment of his kind that were loitering about
the grounds. One of his cappers had just won
out a stake so as to keep up the interest.

"Who's the next jucky man?" queried the manipulator. "I'm in hard luck, but I'll stand it a
little longer," as he continued to move the alied
about in a hide-and-seek play with the midget.
As he paused for a moment the Hartford man who had a dead sure thing remarked. "I'll chance \$20 that I can locate the
button." Oh, come off, now, "replied the
manipulator; "you've been hanging round me
for two days, and of course you are on to me.
I want a half-way show for my money." He
expected the Hartford man would raise his
"ante" then, but he simply repeated his offer
and "called" the manipulator. T warning so that only a few dollars were left on the table, the men having moved to other pas-tures green before the policeman arrived. One

low who had been working all summer on a farm and had accumulated \$65 dropped every dollar on this same game.

Over at Rockville a Hartford merchant was foolish enough to give his check for \$125 on one of these games.

A very funny incident connected with the shell game happened at Danbury. The managers of these alluring opportunities for speculation usually employ "cappers," who plank down their money occasionally and as often win, thus keeping interest agog. These are usually not professionals, but are hired for the occasion, others being substituted subsequent days so that they may not be recognized. One of these cappers happened around the second day, planked his money, won \$12, and left. The man at the helm was so preoccupied with business that he forgot that the man was not in his employ that day, and left him win purposely. These are only incidents mentioned to show the perniclousness of the business. There are plenty of cases that might be cited, all going to show the necessity for stricter oversight on the part of association officers to the end that the rascals be kept away.

MARRIED BEFORE THE CAMERA. While the Magistrate Read the Manual the Picture Man Clicked the Button.

From the Topeka State Journal. While Probate Judge Dolman was engaged in curling his mustache and smoking a cigar vesterday afternoon he was disturbed by the entrance of a trio of persons. One was an elderly gentleman, one a young man, and one a maiden. The young man held the maiden's hand and the elderly gentleman held a large

maiden. The "young man heid the maiden's hand and the elderly gentleman held a large camera.

The young couple walked up to Judge Dolman's desk, but the elderly gentleman remained in the background.

"Have you sny objection to marrying us before a camera?" asked the young man.

Judge Dolman smiled and threw away his cigar. He always smiles and sacrifices cigars when a marriage fee is in sight.

"Certainly not," he replied.

"It's all right," said the young man, turning to the elderly gentleman with the camera. "Get your fixture ready."

While the photographer busied himself setting up the camera and arranging the plates Judge Dolman made out the license and instituted a search for his marriage manual. By the time the photographer was ready the manual had been found and the couple and the Judge stood up in front of the camera. The bride and groom faced the picture machine, and Judge Dolman toos a place at one side.

"He started to read the marriage formula, and the photographer ducked his head beneath the cloth at the tack of the camera. The marriage was well under way when his head appeared again, and Judge Dolman had but a few more words to say when there was the click which proclaimed the picture taken. The photographer 'took' down his camera and Judge Dolman concluded the ceremony.

THE KITCHEN WHISTLE.

Very Convenient, but the Day It Doesn't

"Convenient as it is," said the flat dweller. "we are glad to have one day when we don't hear the kitchen whistle. Our kitchen is as highly organized in its signal system as a modern man-of-war. Its whistles blow all day modern man-of-war. Its whistles blow all day long, from morning till night, beginning with the milkman. We may not be up when he comes, and we hear the first wailing note in the kitchen, followed by a short staceato blast that makes the whistler's cheeks bulge as we hustle into the kitchen and throw open the door to the elevator shaft to get the milk.

"From that on there is no rest from the whistler. We may be in some other part of the house far away, but the note reaches us whereever we are. or we imagine it does.

"Was that the whistle?" we ask, pausing in our labors, and if the answer is "yes" we hustle for the elevator.

"What is it?" and it's the butcher or the greer, or the man from the fish market, or

"What is it?" and it's the butcher or the grocer, or the man from the fish market, or maybe it's the leeman; so that the whistle mast by looked out for all the time.
"Of course, this beats bringing things up and going to the door and all that, out of sight; but the whistles are a bother, nevertheless; and that is one reason why Mrs. Flat Dweller welcomes Sundar, when the kitchen whistles do not blow."

FREAK APPLE TREE.

Putting Forth Blooms and Shoots Abun-An apple tree is in bloom in Brooklyn in the

rear of G. E. Saulnier's residence, 250 Gates avenue. Last spring the old tree that apavenue. Last spring the old free, that appeared to be dying, began to put forth many shoots at the top, and now the tree presents a curious appearance. On the lower half the leaves are sear and brown, while the upper half is as luxuriant as in the early days in June. Blooms began to appear recently, and many of them may still be seen. It looks as though the tree had been graited in the spring and that the young fruit had begun to be formed as a result, but Mrs. Bennett, who owns the land on which the tree stands, says that no grafting has been performed. The novelty has attracted a good deal of attention from kree culturists in the Bedford section of the becough.

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ONE VICTIM OF VESUVIUS.

An American Who Lost His Life on the-Burning Mountain Fifty Years Ago From the Baltimore Sun.

There came near being a tragedy on Mount Vesuvius recently, when several ladies ventured too near the crater and were all but swept away by streams of molten lava which poured from the mountain. This fact recalls he sad death nearly fifty years ago of Mr. Charles Carroll Bayard of Delaware, who had many relatives in Maryland and was widely

known in this State. The accident which cost Mr. Bayard his

known in this State.

The accident which cost Mr. Bayard his life happened in 1850. He was an officer in the navy and, arriving at Naples, a party of naval officers and others was made up to visit the crater of Vesuvius, which was then seminative. Among those with him was the late Charles Tucker Carroll of Baltimore, father of Mr. J. Howell Carroll, now United States Consul at Cadiz. Mr. Bayard was the brother of the late Richard B. Bayard, father of Mr. Richard H. Bayard of Baltimore, and a relative of the late Thomas F. Bayard.

The party had reached the summit of the mountain when suddenly there was a shower of red-hot stones thrown high in the air. All hands took to their heels and a few moments later discovered that Mr. Bayard was lying on the ground behind them. One of the heavy hot stones had struck him on the arm, making a frightful wound. He was taken back to Naples and given the tenderest nursing, but he died, and his body is buried there, his tomb having been suitably marked in later years.

A strange thing about the accident was the fact that Mr. Bayard was loath to make the trip which ended in his death. He had a presentiment that he ought not to go, and even in the carriage on the way to the mountaintop he caused the vehicle to be stopped and declared that he would get out and walk back to Naples. His companions remonstrated with him and tried to convince him that his presentiment was but a foolish fancy, and he Naples. His companions remonstrated with him and tried to convince him that his presentiment was but a foolish fancy, and he finally consented to accompany the party. When he was burt none of his friends had the slightest idea that he was fatally injured and believed that he would be well in a few weeks. Not so with him, though. "You may amputate my arm," he said, "or do anything you like, but you cannot save my life. I am going to die. I felt it when I started for the mountain, and now that this has happened I am convinced that nothing can save me. He was right. He lingered for about tendays and then death came.

DOESN'T HURT THE SURGEON.

A Half-Told Truth with Regard to Minor Operations with the Enife. From the Youth's Companion.

A New York surgeon connected with one of the post-graduate medical schools of that city was one day on the point of lancing a felon for one of the students, a young Southern physician. The patient paled at sight of the knife, "It won't hurt," observed the surgeon with a sympathetic smile. "I sometimes think," be added, "that it is well for a surgeon to feel the point of the knife at least once in his life.

"I saw my first hospital service in this city with Dr. S.," he went on, "and no better surgeon was then to be found in America. He had a large dispensary clinic and rarely a day passed that one or more cases of felon did not appear." It won't hurt," was always his comforting assurance to the patient.

passed that one or more cases of felon did nos appear.

"It won't hurt," was always his comforting assurance to the patient.

"The old doctor was very irritable if a patient made any outery or bother over the lancing of a felon. Put your finger down there, indicating the edge of the table, and keep still." he commanded; and truth to tell, patients, as a rule, made little fuss.

"Time passed on, and in the mutations of life Dr. S. had a felon on his left forefinger, and it was a bad one. He poulticed it and fussed with it for about a week, and walked the floor with pain at night. At last it became unendurable, and he went to his assistant surgeon and said, nervously:

"I say, doctor, will you take a look at my finger?

"The assistant surgeon looked and remarked gravely, "That ought to have been lanced before."

"Possibly—but—— said Dr. S., and then, with a long breath: Perhaps you'd better lance it now."

"Urcrtainly," said the assistant surgeon.

"Put your finger on the table."

"Dr. S. compiled, and with a face as white as paper watched the knife. Be gentle, he cautioned: that's an awful sore finger."

"It won't hurt, 'remarked the assistant surgeon, and the sharp steel descended.

"There was a how! of szony from Dr. S., and with his finger in his other hand, he danced about the room crying, 'Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Why,' remarked the assistant surgeon. 'I have heard you tell natients hundreds of times that it didn't hurt to lance a felon."

"No doubt, no doubt you have? groaned Dr. S. 'But that depends on which end of the knife a man is at."

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